

big front doors. Happy the people who possess an heirloom in the shape of an old colonial knocker—a lion's head with a ring in its mouth or a pair of clasped

"You don't say?" C.—"It is a fact." St. P.—"Come right in and go to the exhibition department. We will show you in our dime museum."

raven tresses and dazzling eyes. She had a skin like purest snow, and she moved with the graceful dignity of a Queen. She was dressed in gray silk, trimmed with

100,000 marks in cash for them."

DETERMINED TO HAVE THEM.

"Nonsense," laughed the Countess; "You

ally explain how a land that has no night
can have a glorious or any other kind of
twilight. Having explained away this as-
tronomical paradox it would be in order

“Show me my art.” “What art?” asked the friend. “The art of finding great happiness in very little material,” was the smiling reply.—*Youth's Companion*.

George A. Strong, writing in the *Anderson Review* on "Preterition," says: "A

loaned three men \$10 each, and I never expect to see one cent of it again." "But you show so much feeling. It is ungrammatical." "In what way?" "To let your moods be governed by your tenses."

THE SUNDAY UNION.

SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1890.

ISSUED BY THE

SACRAMENTO PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, Third Street, between J and K.

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

Published six days in each week, with Double

Sheet on Saturdays and

THE SUNDAY UNION.

Published every Sunday morning, making a

splendid seven-day paper.

For one year.....\$6.00

For six months.....\$3.50

For three months.....\$2.00

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Coast.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sacramento as

second-class matter.

The first glimmer of the light of free

institutions has broken the gloom of absolute

anarchy on the Asiatic coast—

Japan has just elected a representative

legislative body.

We are to have new postal cards that

will have two distinctive features,

one excellent and one execrable. The

feature that is praiseworthy is the two-

size character, that is, there are to be two

sizes of cards, the larger being for busi-

ness communications that cannot well be

crowded. The second feature is a miser-

ably poor portrait of General Grant that is

to be printed on the upper right hand

corner of both sides. On the larger card ap-

pears the words, "One cent postal card."

On the lesser are the words, "Postal card, one

cent." This distinction in phrasing is

probably supposed to add to the convenience

of the people in buying the cards.

Thus if one wishes the larger card, he

will ask for a one-cent postal card, but if

he desires the smaller, he will ask simply

for a "postal card."

REFERRING TO THE proposition in con-

gress to retain the tariff tax upon works of

art, *Harper's Weekly* says:

Works of the fine arts—beautiful pictures, no-

table statuary—have been, for many years,

taxed at the rate of \$50,000 for the entire

country. This is a permanent, elevating in-

fluence upon the public taste, and it is the

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MY SISTER'S KEEPER.

[Written for the SUNDAY UNION by Gale Braith.]

We were sisters, she and I. Her name

I cannot tell you. It has not passed my lips

in years, and now that I am about to write

my confession it would surely bring suspi-

cion upon me; so, for the short time I

am for this world, I wish to keep my secret

—my secret which has whitened my hair

and added years to my age. You would

not think to look at me now that I was

once a beauty. But some men prefer youth

to beauty, and such was the case with him

—the man who should have been my hus-

band. I was a good twenty years older

than she, when our mother dying, gave

her to my care with these words: "Hanna,

be a mother to my darling." And I,

how I loved my baby sister; with my arms

tightly clasping her to my breast and with

our dear mother's blessing, I promised.

We lived almost entirely alone after our

mother's death. I was the father, and she

sister. I was her mother, and she was my

daughter. I was her father, and she was my

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